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Winter Scene 2

James G. Robinson

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Tempus Noctem

K.L. Dryk

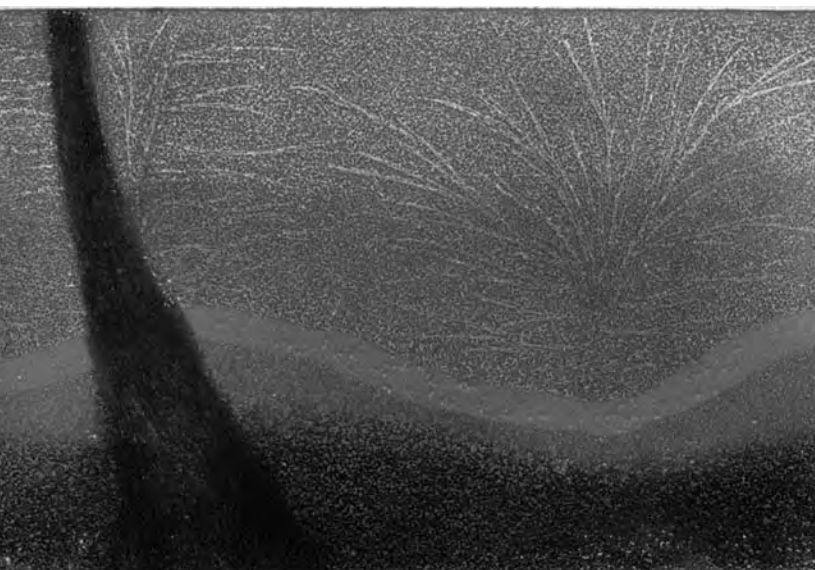
The barmaid grabs a bottle of Ruffino,
Pulls the cork out with her teeth.
A fallen god breathes violet smoke
And sips absinthe from a straw.

Wood nymphs and werewolves
Form a string quartet,
Conducted by the Austrian man-child:
A baton in one hand, Schnapps in the other.

An angel and daemon dance
Their hips grind in rhythm
Her face pink with passion
His face pale with fear.

A water sprite dances alone,
Soaked beneath her rain cloud,
And with a crook'd finger beckons
The monster cowering in the corner.

The barmaid blinks at the doors,
Varnished in white clover,
Protecting her patrons from horrors beyond.
She pours another round.



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The Rave

Daniel Sandoval

Spread the word, the Machine is coming, a
circus of steel springs and combustions all
grinding to the drums. Watch them waiting,
every color, every clan; all wanting to be part
of the system as it begins with a roar like a
turbocharged engine they rush the door.

Inside, heads swim in a new found sea,
unconscious are the dancing sparks and gay
revelers in their glitter coated world. Limbs
pumping, pounding pistons running full blast
through the night, up creaking stairs into the
radiator, cooling chamber, thick green haze
passes over innumerable points of light;
oxygen restriction. Drums persist pouring down
white rain on melting minds. Thrilling, rushing
euphoric rhythms flow like wine from fine
crystal. Speak and you will not be heard, listen
and you will hear no voice, for the machine
stops for no one until morn.

Wasting away in the exhaust of a comatose
state are some, eyes open seeing new worlds
in clarity are others, while a select few crawl
through Hell blinded by visions of terror. Still
the electric pulses have yet to slow, numb to
the deafening watts as they are now winding
their way to the surface of a sleeping city.
Whimsical youths will lay until afternoon, their
internal timing chains hours slow, yet only eight
rounds of the gauge have passed. The beating
motion is still lingering as weary heads fall
upon waiting pillows, headlight eyes switch off
near six a.m. The last sounds fade for these
who now dream anew, yet still worshipers of
the dance rage against the coming of the light,
would they be consumed in the warehouse
flames before they saw the dawn?

Spread the word the machine was here
and they called it the Rave.